

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

The Peton Community of the Section o



Wednesday, 14 June 2006

OC11911

. .

. • .





"The dame's voice was just then heard from the cottage."

Page 104.

.

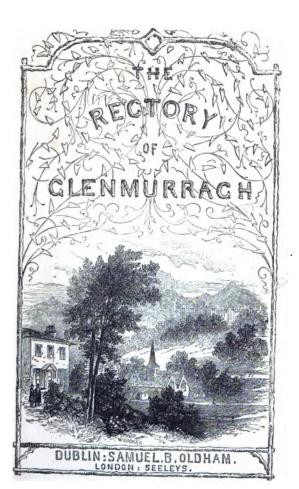
.

•

,

· ·

. .



THE

Rectory of Glenmurragh:

A TALE.



Dublin:

SAMUEL B. OLDHAM, 8, SUFFOLK-STREET. LONDON: SEELEYS, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCCLII.

249. E. bg1.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY ROE AND BRIERLEY,
42, Mabbot-street.

PREFACE.

THE following little story, written during hours of loneliness, is now published for the maintenance and education of the orphan daughter of a faithful servant of God, some years ago called to his rest. A small fund raised for the benefit of his family at the time of his decease, they have, within the last year, been deprived of, by the failure of the person in whose hands it was placed.

The writer of this simple tale, now presented with hesitation to an indulgent public, feels this statement is needed, as her apology for placing before them what has so little to recommend it, when compared to the many interesting books of fiction daily claiming their notice.

"I have been young, and now am old; yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."—Ps. xxxvii. 25.



THE

RECTORY OF GLENMURRAGH.

Chapter First.

IT was a cold November night—the rain, which had fallen in torrents during the day, had been succeeded by a sharp east wind; but the cold and the wind were little regarded in the well-curtained library of Glenmurragh Castle. On a sofa, with a large roll of worsted work before her, sat the gentle mistress of the mansion, Lady Trevelyan; but she was not working, and a shade of sadness was on her placid countenance, though the merry, happy faces of her two sons, who were engaged at backgammon near

her, would show, that her tender heart felt for another's grief, and not her own; and such was the case. Lady Trevelyan had known but little sorrow; the loss of the beloved companion of her youth, ten years before, was the only bitter cup she had yet tasted; she had never since been what the world calls gay, but there was a quiet happiness which found enjoyment in the many blessings left, and in superintending the education of her children, and making herself useful among the poorer tenantry of her eldest son, the young Sir James, she passed her life in peace, removed from the turmoil of a world which at no time afforded her gratification or In a large arm-chair, drawn close satisfaction. to the fire, sat her sister, Miss Hazlett, her contrast in manners and in mind; but we must not be too hard on poor Miss Hazlett, for she has her good points, though she seldom exhibits them, and is generally considered a cross-grained old maid, though she can be agreeable if she

chooses. Why is this character so often given to middle-aged spinsters? We fear they often deserve it, but certainly not always; they are sometimes a little censorious, when speaking of the failings of their younger acquaintances, and unfortunately forget their own juvenile days and weaknesses; but then, though they may speak harshly, they will act kindly when they have an opportunity, and, on the whole, are more sinned against than sinning. But there is one more belonging to the party we must not pass over, though he is in the furthest corner of the room, examining a large map of the Holy Land, and marking out the tour he is shortly to take with Sir James and his younger brother. Mr. Markham is a young clergyman who has resided for the last year at Glenmurragh, Lady Trevelyan having removed both her sons from school, alarmed by the delicacy of the eldest, and he is now to be their companion in their travels.

Having thus introduced our readers to the

whole family circle, the acquaintance must ripen into intimacy the best way it can.

"Poor Fanny," said Lady Trevelyan, as she pushed her work from her, "she has been in my thoughts the whole day."

"You have certainly talked of nothing else," replied her sister, sharply; "and I am sure her case is a very sad one; but she is not half so destitute as thousands of others one hears of. Really, the state of the poor sempstresses in London, which Lord Ashley was describing to me the other day, quite haunted me—such utter misery."

"Yes, dear Caroline," said Lady Trevelyan,
"I am sure it is very melancholy; but you
must remember, poor Fanny is a gentlewoman,
and till the last year, when our wretched clergy
have been reduced to actual want, she was accustomed to every comfort, and now she is penniless and friendless, spending her last night in
her once happy home, to-morrow to begin a life

of dependence, and be separated from her little sister, the only tie which binds her to this world."

"You certainly have made the most of her story, Harriet. I must say, however, it puts me out of patience to see the clergymen in this country bringing up their daughters as fine ladies, and then leaving them a burthen upon others."

Lady Trevelyan's heightened colour showed that she was annoyed.

"Poor Fanny," she replied, "is far from being a fine lady, and I am sure will never be a burthen upon any person. I have no doubt I shall be able to get her a situation as governess; indeed I am now in correspondence with Mrs. Brownlow about her, as she is looking for a person in that capacity."

"Gracious! Harriet," said Miss Hazlett, starting up, "could you think of recommending her to Mrs. Brownlow, who is so particular, and what can she teach? I suppose nothing but her own language, and that badly."

"I never would recommend her, if I did not think her quite capable of undertaking the situation," answered Lady Trevelyan. "She has been very well educated in the Clergy Daughters' School at H....., where her poor little sister goes to-morrow; and her manners are most pleasing."

"Here, mamma, I have won my second game from James," said Henry; "and now I must, as usual, put by your work in that large basket under the table, and"

"And then it will be time to go to bed," said his mother. "How far have you advanced through the desert, Mr. Markham?" she continued, as she bent over to the table where he was still stooping over the map. "I shall be quite happy when you and the boys are back here with me again; but I fear I shall be very lonely while you are away."

"I wonder I have not yet heard from my brother about the Marseilles packets, mamma,"

said Sir James, as he and his brother followed her into her dressing-room to say good-night. "I hope Aunt Caroline will not be rude to poor Fanny Tyrrel when she comes here to-morrow. I cannot understand why she has taken such a dislike to her."

"She can have no dislike to her, my dear," replied his mother, "for she has never met her, except one morning that she came up here for grapes during her father's illness; but you know your poor aunt loves a little argument sometimes."

"That she does," said Henry, "and she has been cross all day. Did you remark how snappish she was to Markham because he cut the bread crooked at luncheon?"

"You always remark when your aunt does wrong, Henry," said Lady Trevelyan; "but I am sure you never remarked how kindly she contributed to sending the Metcalfs to America. The moment I told her that we were raising a

subscription for the purpose, she gave me a pound."

- "Oh! she is very rich," said Henry.
- "Yes, my love; but every person who is rich is not equally liberal; and she gives a great deal of money in charity."
- "Do you know, mamma," said Sir James, "I have taken it into my head that Markham is more than commonly interested about Fanny Tyrrel, he grew so red when I was speaking this morning of her coming here; and when I was going to fish, I found him on the bridge just opposite the Rectory, and he never moved till I came up to him and asked him what he was thinking of, and he looked quite grave and said, 'I was thinking what a sad house that will be to-morrow.'"
- "And I can tell you," said Henry, "though he pretended to be so busy studying the map this evening, he was listening to every word mamma and Aunt Caroline were saying."

"Come, now, boys, you really must go to bed," said Lady Trevelyan; "it is past eleven o'clock, and pray do not sit up talking of your fancies and suspicions."

She had suspicions of the same kind, however, though she did not wish them to be known; and they had for a time deterred her from offering a temporary home to the desolate girl, who will form the subject of our next chapter.



Chapter Second.

It was with a sad heart that Fanny Tyrrel rose from her bed the following morning. She had passed a sleepless night; the tears she had shed for many hours, had stupified, rather than relieved her. She sat for some time at the window, looking into the little garden, which had so long occupied and amused her, though for the last few weeks neglected; and was only roused from a train of sorrowful thoughts by the entrance of her little sister. This was the hour at which they generally prayed together, and this was to be their last morning for doing so.

"We can kneel down together, Mary," said poor Fanny, "but I do not think either of us could pray aloud."

"Oh! Fanny, dear Fanny," said the little girl, as she threw her arms round her sister's neck, "how very, very sad this is, and how unhappy I shall be this time tomorrow, in a strange place, with no one to care for me or pity me."

"God will care for you, darling," whispered Fanny, as her tears burst forth afresh; "He is the Father of the fatherless. Oh! Mary, if we had not been taught to trust in Him, how utterly miserable we should both be now; but we must try and compose ourselves, dearest, and pray to Him for strength and protection; He has sent this trial to us, and will help us to bear it."

Mary's sobs continued long after they had knelt down, but Fanny soon regained her calmness, and, on rising from her knees, she sent the child away, fearing any return of her agitation.

"Go, love," she said, "and see that all your things are ready, and put your boa and cloak before the fire, it is so long since you have worn them."

She sat for some little time alone after she

was gone, and then went down to the little study, to prepare breakfast. Here a new trial awaited her. Mary's nurse, who had lived in the family for the last nine years, and was to take charge of the little girl to H....., and then go to live with her son, was leaning on the back of the arm-chair, crying bitterly.

"She wanted just," she said, "to see Miss Tyrrel alone while her sweet pet, God bless her! was putting up her bits of books and playthings. Oh! Miss Fanny dear," she continued, "but this is the sorrowful day to me, that thought I'd live and die with you, and to see you turned out to batter with the cold world. Oh! but I hope they'll be kind to you; not Lady Trevelyan—God bless and reward her for her goodness to them that are gone—but sure you'll not always be with her. Go up to the Castle, dear, as soon as ever we're gone, for sure you're not fit to be wandering about here looking at the things you'll never see again."

"Oh! I shall have a good deal to do when you are gone, Sally; but I will not stay longer here than necessary."

"And what have you to do, darling? Sure if you've lists to make out, or anything that way, Mr. Markham would step down and do it for you. He is a good young gentleman; many's the day he called down here in your trouble, to ask after you, when you knew nothing about it."

Mary's step was now heard in the passage, and Fanny ran to the window to hide her tears, while Sally went out at the opposite door.

Breakfast passed over in silence, and an hour after saw poor Mary and her faithful attendant on their road to H....., and Fanny, from her little bedroom window, watching the coach which bore her only earthly treasure, till a turn in the road hid it from her view, and she felt indeed alone.

Chapter Third.

THE Rev. Henry Tyrrel, the father of our heroine, was the youngest son of a gentleman of independent fortune in the north of Ireland. He had never been a favorite at home, the affections of both his parents being centred in his eldest brother, Arthur, who was his superior both in outward appearance and mental acquirements. His return from school would never have been an event of much happiness to him, but for his sister, whom he loved tenderly, and who was the sharer in his sorrows; and as her delicate health almost entirely confined her to her room, they generally passed their days together.

Emily Tyrrel was a girl of very superior mind. She was the eldest of the family, but being deformed, had been a source of unhappiness to both Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel, who never made a com-

panion of her, and her ill health was a good excuse for her passing the greater part of her life in retirement. An excellent governess, however, was provided for her, who remained with her as a companion, after her education was completed, and her instructions and example fitted her unhappy pupil to be an ornament to a world she was early to leave, and prepared her for a world of glory, where sin and sorrow are alike unknown.

From his beloved sister and her amiable friend, Mrs. Carpenter, Henry Tyrrel received his first religious impressions, and those alone who are circumstanced as he was, can know with what feelings he read the short letter from his father, that summoned him to Emily's dying-bed. When they had last been together, she was more than usually ill, and on taking leave of him, had spoken as if they were never to meet again; but she was always depressed when he was going away, and he could perceive nothing dangerous

in her symptoms. Mrs. Carpenter, it is true, had written of her cough having increased, and Emily's own letters were fewer and shorter, but still he did not feel alarm, and his father's letter was an unexpected blow. The day after he received it, he was on his way home, but too late!—his gentle sister had calmly resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, two hours before his arrival.

Deprived of his beloved Emily, Henry Tyrrel found but little happiness at home. His brother and he had but few tastes in common, so it was no disappointment to him to hear that, in the course of the ensuing summer, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel intended breaking up their establishment, and going to the Continent for an undefined period, accompanied by Arthur, and had arranged that he should remain in England, to enter college, being now in his eighteenth year. Henry's college life was an important era to him; he was about two years at Cambridge, when riding

a spirited horse, a few miles distant from the town, the animal became unmanageable, and he was thrown with violence on a heap of stones which were collected on one side of the road. A farmer who was passing with his wagon at the moment, quickly ran to his assistance, and found him apparently lifeless. For many hours he continued in a state of insensibility, and when he again became conscious, he found himself an inmate of a little parsonage near the scene of his accident, and attended with the tenderest assiduity by the worthy rector and his family. For many weeks Henry continued in a most precarious state. His host was a man of deep piety, and, it is needless to say, lost no opportunity of leading the mind of his apparently dying guest, from the fleeting scenes of time, to the never-ending joys or sorrows of eternity; but he found that the seed had already been sown in the mind of the invalid, and the subjects he spoke of were neither new nor unvalued.

Henry's recovery was a slow one; and when, three months after his accident, he was able to leave B..... Parsonage, it was with a heavy heart that he returned to Cambridge. Mr. Harmer's family consisted of three daughters, having lost their mother some years before. The two eldest were much occupied with their school and household affairs, while from the time Henry was sufficiently well to join the family circle, the youngest had been his constant and only companion; she sang for him, and read to him, while her father and sisters little dreamt that by their leaving them so much together, they were endangering the peace of mind of both Mary and her invalid charge. But we must hasten on with our tale. Years passed by; Henry joined his parents abroad, accompanied them back to Ireland, and having made choice of the church as his profession, found himself, at the end of six years, the curate of a small parish in the County Meath, and Mary Harmer the beloved

companion of his retirement, cheering him in his humble dwelling, and encouraging him in the good work to which he had devoted himself. Here he remained several years, and it was only a short time before the birth of his youngest child, whose sorrowful departure to school we read of in our last chapter, that he was unexpectedly promoted to the living of Glenmurragh. All was sunshine in the Rectory till the year preceding that on which our story opens, when distress and sickness visited the fireside of many a pastor in our unhappy land. Poor Mrs. Tyrrel's health sank beneath the care and anxiety so new to her; and, after a few months, like a tender flower, unfit for the wintry blasts of this stormy world, she was transplanted to the garden of her God, and the end of the following winter, her sorrowing husband joined her where the weary are at rest.

For many years previously, Mr. Tyrrel had had no communication with his brother, who

had married imprudently, and lived entirely abroad; and his parents being long dead, his two children were left entirely unprovided for, and would have been friendless, but for the kindness of Lady Trevelyan, who arranged for Mary's admission into the school established for the daughters of the clergy, and offered a home to her elder sister, till she could otherwise provide for her. Oh! what would God's suffering servants have done, in their season of trial, if the hand of Christian benevolence had not been stretched out to them? May they who thus ministered to their necessities, in that last great day when all shall stand before the judgmentseat of God, hear those glorious words addressed to each of them-"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord; forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Chapter Fourth.

WE left Fanny straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of the coach which bore poor Mary away from Glenmurragh, as it slowly ascended the hill which rose behind the village, till the woods, at a turn in the road, hid it from her sight. For a moment she indulged in the natural feelings her loneliness gave rise to; but Fanny was a girl of no common mind; a life of exertion was before her, and she was now to begin it: many and sad were the preparations to be made that morning ere she bid farewell to home. with all its sweet associations, and went forth a wanderer, to toil in the dwelling of a strangerto hide each thought of a bursting heart from those who perhaps had never known a sorrow. How seldom, when we see a sad-looking governess in the midst of a room full of happy and boisterous children, does the thought come across us, perhaps some years before she was the gayest of a gay group, like that now around her, in a father's house; and now she earns a scanty livelihood, with few words of encouragement, and perhaps a hint occasionally that she must try and be more cheerful with the children. But we are wandering from our story.

The auction at the Rectory was to take place in a few days; and Fanny, with the assistance of one of the villagers, now busied-herself to prepare the rooms and arrange the furniture belonging to them. How often her steps led back to the little study, where, in their accustomed places, stood her father's arm-chair, with the little table beside it, and opposite it the sofa, which had been moved there during her mother's long illness; there were so many little things, too, in this room, in themselves useless, which she could not bear to throw away; but hours passed on, and she was still lingering there, until the Castle

clock reminded her the day was passing on, and still her labour unfinished, so, giving what directions she thought necessary to the poor woman who was following her through the rooms, anxious to save her as much trouble as she could, she went out into the little garden, to bid adieu to each shrub and plant she had watched so long. She was sitting on the stump of an old tree, which her father had shaped into a chair for her, when she heard footsteps approaching from the house, and, looking round, she perceived Mr. Markham walking slowly towards her; she rose quickly to meet him, and extended her hand, though for a minute her voice failed her.

"You must not think me very weak, Mr. Markham," she said at length, "to feel so much at leaving this scene of desolation; but it has been my home so long, and is probably the last home, save one, I shall have in this world. The storm visited it sorely of late, indeed, but those it so bent and shattered for a time, have reached

the haven where they would be; and oh! could I wish to recall them? No, no; I may wish to go to them, but never, never could I wish them back here. Poor little Mary, you know, has just left me," she added; "I have to thank you very much from her, for the book you sent her; it was very kind of you to think of it."

"I hope, Miss Tyrrel," said Mr. Markham, "that you have nearly finished your sad task here, and will let me help you if I can."

"I have nearly finished," replied Fanny; "I have been for some days trying by degrees to settle every thing; but the hardest task is yet to come, I believe, for I could wander about here for hours longer, and I must go away at last."

They had now returned to the house, and in less than an hour the hard task was over, and Fanny, accompanied by Mr. Markham, had left the little Rectory, and were slowly bending their steps towards the Castle.

Chapter Fifth.

THE kind and considerate attention of Lady Trevelyan and her family, was soothing to the afflicted Fanny, and the exertions she made, to prove her gratitude, tended much to restore her to cheerfulness. Even Miss Hazlett went so far as to say, she was really a wonderful girl, considering that she was brought up in a country parsonage; but, at the same time, she thought she would do better as a clergyman's wife, than as a governess, she had lived so much out of the world, and could have so few accomplishments. This she repeatedly tried to impress on Mr. Markham, as she always found him a patient listener, and on this point he quite agreed with her, though his reason for doing so was not the same as her's; in fact, he had long admired

Fanny, and thought there was no situation which she would not have suited and adorned.

Weeks passed on, and two months had nearly expired, when Lady Trevelyan received a letter from her brother, inquiring whether her protegée was still disengaged, as old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, were looking for a governess, and he thought she would suit them, as no great acquirements were needed. Their family consisted of only two daughters: the eldest had the advantage of masters, their residence being near London, and the youngest was confined from her early childhood to her bed or sofa-a fall from her nurse's arms, concealed at the time of the accident, having injured her spine. The poor invalid was more especially to be Miss Tyrrel's charge, and the latter must be prepared for a life of great retirement and much con-Fanny received the intelligence with finement. mingled feelings; the situation in every respect seemed likely to suit her, but the distance from

Mary was a drawback, and leaving Glenmurragh, and the only friends she ever knew, was saddening to her.

It was the day but one before her departure for London, that, after finishing a long letter to her sister, and having seen Lady Trevelyan and Miss Hazlett set out in the carriage for a distant visit, she prepared for a long and lonely walk round the outskirts of the village, and to the little churchyard where her parents were laid. She stole out, as she thought, unobserved, but she had not proceeded many yards when she was joined by Mr. Markham. Fanny was not ignorant of his feelings, but she had hitherto avoided a confession of them, as she could not deny that they were returned by her, and she shrunk from an avowal which might injure, if not destroy, his future prospects. "No," she often said to herself, "he shall never know how entirely I love him. I will not blight the bright career before him, but walk humbly on in the

lowly path my God has marked out for me. A few days more, and we shall part. In varied scenes and other lands, he will soon forget me, and it is better that it should be so." Mr. Markham's manner, when he met her, clearly showed Fanny that what she had dreaded was now inevitable.

"Miss Tyrrel," he said, after they had walked on for some minutes in silence, "I have long wished—how long you will know—for this opportunity to speak to you alone. We part tomorrow; may we meet in happier days; and oh! give me a hope that you will sometimes think of one, who will never cease to think of and pray for you."

"Remember me but at the throne of grace, Mr. Markham," replied Fanny; "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. I am about to begin a life of difficulty, and, perhaps, of much trial, but shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? He without

whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, will not try me above what I am able to bear, and His grace will be sufficient for me."

"God will never forsake one who trusts in Him as fully as you do, Miss Tyrrel," said Mr. Markham. "Would that I had a home to offer you—a shelter from a cold and heartless world. Oh! Miss Tyrrel, I have loved you long, and I feel that you know this, though till now I have concealed my feelings, or, at least. not expressed them, fearing my doing so might destroy your quiet enjoyment at Glenmurragh. which was so needful for you; but you will not ask me to separate from you, without hearing whether those feelings can ever be returned, or that I have day after day encouraged a hope now to be blighted for ever. I am not selfish enough to ask you to bind yourself under any engagement to one, who must still be a wanderer, but tell me that on my return to this country, should my expectations be realized, and, through Lady Trevelyan's kind interest, I obtain what I have so long ardently desired, a small living, this subject may be again renewed?"

"Mr. Markham," replied Fanny, "you wish not to bind me, but you would bind yourself to what, on reflection, you will see is more than imprudent. Ask me not for an answer now, but may God direct and guide us to what may tend to our true happiness here, and our eternal rest, where parting is unknown."

They had now reached the little bridge which separated the Castle grounds from the Rectory, and Fanny paused, her wishes led her once more to visit the scenes of past enjoyment, but she felt she ought not to do so.

"Let us turn back, and take the lower road into the village," she said. "I talk of and pray for resignation, yet here I would stand and work up my proud heart to rebellion. How little real resignation there is in this world; we

submit to God's will, because we cannot help it, yet how few, if any, under the bitter, bitter trials He sees fit at times to send to His dear children, are enabled with Habakkuk to rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of their salvation."

Fanny longed to attain to this, but though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak; and on her return home, her pale cheek bore evidence to the suffering she had undergone, and the exertion she had made. Lady Trevelyan, with her usual tact and consideration, appeared not to remark this, but Miss Hazlett could not let her alone.

"You have taken too long a walk to-day, Miss Tyrrel," she said, as soon as they had left the dining-room; "you really ought to husband your strength, for your life at Rosely will be neither an idle nor an easy one, watching that poor deformed child will be such a drag upon your spirits, and Mrs. Bolton is so particular

about her having a cheerful companion; she has had three governesses, to my knowledge, within the last two years; had I been in your place, I should far have preferred going as assistant in some school, where I should have no responsibility, and holidays twice a-year."

"My education, I fear, would not have been sufficient for a situation of the kind," replied Fanny, mildly; "but I hope I shall be able to please Mrs. Bolton, and Lady Trevelyan has kindly interested her in my favour, so that I am sure she will patiently bear with me, if I am not at first all that she could wish.

Miss Hazlett had nothing further to add, but she was always unfortunate in selecting disagreeable subjects, and could never be silent when she could obtain a listener, so after a few minutes she again began.

"I never," she said, "saw any person looking so ill as Mr. Markham; he is the last person I would have selected, to go abroad with those boys; the warm climate will never do for him, and most probably after nursing him instead of amusing themselves, they will have to bring him over here to die, before the year is out."

"You draw a sad picture, Caroline," replied her sister, "but, I trust, far from a true one; Mr. Markham is naturally delicate-looking, and I think the tour he is going to take, the best thing for him in every respect; he is just the companion I would wish for James, and I trust, on their return home, something may turn up for his advantage; he is a very superior young man, and I think myself most fortunate in having him."

"I hope you may continue of the same opinion," said Miss Hazlett, rather sharply; "all your heroes and heroines in general are faultless; I wish my disposition were as sanguine."

Lady Trevelyan thought it would be happier if it was so, but did not make any further remark, and soon after left the room, her sister having fallen asleep over the *Morning Herald*, so that there was no danger of her further worrying poor Fanny Tyrrel.

The next day was passed by the latter in all the preparations for her departure, and there were few the following morning in Glenmurragh Castle, who did not shed tears on taking leave of the gentle girl, who had endeared herself to all; even the old butler said, it was sad to miss her sweet face at the dinner-table, it was a pity my lady could not keep her for ever.



Chapter Sixth.

WE must now pass over two years, and lead our readers to a picturesque villa on the banks of the Thames. The garden sloped down to the edge of the river, and under a weeping ash, which hung over the calm waters, lay a girl of about sixteen years of age, on a sofa, supported with pillows; the look of pain in her mild countenance marked her as a child of suffering, though the smile which lighted up her finely formed features, spoke of a happy disposition, and a mind at peace. Beside her sat a lady about nine years her senior; you might have supposed her an elder sister, but for the difference of dress, as she was attired in deep mourning, while the poor invalid wore a gown of very rich blue silk; she would have been strikingly handsome, but for the extreme

pallor of her complexion, and an expression of melancholy which gave a look of care, and seemed, as it were, to have quenched the brightness of her large blue eyes; she had been reading, but both seemed now in deep thought.

"I wish so much," said the younger, at length breaking silence, "that mamma would not dress me as gaily as she does Frederica; it seems so absurd to deck out a poor sick thing like me, though to-day I do not mind being smart, as dear, dear Colonel Tyrrel is coming. Oh! Fanny, you will like him so much! It seems so strange that your name should be the same, and that you do not belong to him; and he, too, has had such sorrows—you know, he lost his wife and daughter in one month, at Leghorn; and when we knew him in Florence, he was so sad, though it was more than a year after."

"I am sure I shall like him much," replied her companion, "particularly as he is so fond of my darling Florence," she added, as she stooped down and kissed her, "and was the first to lead her to her Saviour's feet, where she has found that peace which passeth understanding, which this poor world can neither give nor take away." "Never can give, but sometimes tries to take away," said Florence. "Even while lying here, removed from all apparent temptation, what vain thoughts often enter my heart. I remember so well the first day Colonel Tyrrel spoke to me on the subject of religion. Mamma and Frederica had gone to a dejeuner, and I was lying opposite a window, watching the gay carriages passing by, with Elise our French maid, when he came into the room, and, as he said he had come to sit with me for some time, Elise went away. I looked depressed and discontented, for I felt so, which he at once perceived, and taking my hand, said to me so kindly, 'My little girl looks sad to-day, and I think I know the reason, and can read the thoughts that are passing in her mind.'

I felt the colour come into my cheeks, for I was sure he had guessed rightly. He continued ---'She is murmuring because God is keeping her a prisoner to that sofa, instead of allowing her health and strength to enjoy the fleeting pleasures and vanities of this life; but God, my dear child, is doing this in love; He is watching the furnace Himself, and not heating it too much, for He has given you fond parents, and many comforts and luxuries denied to others, and He is preparing joys for you at His own right hand, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can the heart of man conceive them." I could not answer, for though I had read of God's love in the Bible, I never applied it to myself; he sat for nearly two hours with me, talking so sweetly of heaven, that I felt quite sorry when papa came home from his club, and interrupted our conversation; but scarcely a day passed after that, that Colonel Tyrrel did not come in while I was alone, and sit talking to me, and I really

have never felt unhappy since, though I have suffered much more pain this last year, than I ever did before."

Fanny's eyes were fixed on the animated countenance before her, and for a moment she thought how mysterious God's dealings were with His children: the sweet one beside her seemed formed for happiness and usefulness, full of talent, yet there she was, a helpless sufferer, never to rise again, and with but little apparent prospect of being released; her spirit seemed in heaven, while the frail body was kept on below.

Voices were now heard approaching them from the house, and on turning round she perceived Mrs. Bolton and Frederica hastening towards them, accompanied by the expected and wishedfor visitor, Colonel Tyrrel. He was a tall, finelooking man, about sixty years of age; his countenance was a peculiar one, and at first not pleasing, as the attenuation of his features gave a look of sternness, but when he smiled, all that appearance vanished, and there was a softness in the calm grey eye which was quite remarkable. His meeting with Florence was affecting; he could not but perceive that two years had made a sad change in her, and he tried in vain to conceal his emotion.

"Why, my sweet one," he said, as he dashed away the tear that rolled down his cheek, "it quite unmans me to see you, and find myself among so many friends again. I cannot make out what kept me away from you all so long, nor what, at last, determined me to return to England; but from the moment I did settle to return, I have lost but little time, as my letters can prove."

As he turned round on saying this, Mrs. Bolton took the opportunity of introducing Fanny as "a young friend of ours," without mentioning her name. Colonel Tyrrel bowed, and expressed himself happy at making her acquaintance; and Fanny, feeling she might be in the way, saun-

tered off towards the garden. They all met again at dinner, where chance placed her sitting opposite Colonel Tyrrel. She observed his eyes frequently fixed on her; and once or twice, just before the ladies retired from table, he seemed so absorbed in thought, while looking at her, he felt it necessary to apologise.

"I hope, young lady," he said, "you will excuse an old man for staring at you as I have done; but you reminded me so much of a picture I have of one long removed from this world, and also," he added, as a tear glistened in his eye, "of a sweet child of my own, that I could not avoid doing so."

"Oh! Miss Tyrrel is too good-natured to be easily offended, Colonel," said Mr. Bolton. "I try to affront her now and then, by asking when the roses are to come back to her cheeks again, as I am tired looking at the lilies so long, and she never, I think, was angry with me but once, when I made her go to a boat-race with my wife

and Frederica, and leave Florence for one day in the care of a maid."

"Bolton," said Colonel Tyrrel, as the door closed, and they were left alone, "who is that girl, and where did you find her?"

"She has been with us ever since our return to this country," replied Mr. Bolton. "We heard of her through General Hazlett, whom you know I am sure, and she was a protegée of his sister, Lady Trevelyan, the daughter, I think, of an Irish clergyman, who died only a few months before she came to us. I believe his death obliged her to go out as a governess, or something of that kind; and as it was an object with us to get a really nice person for our poor child, we could not have made a more fortunate selection."

Had Mr. Bolton been opposite his guest, he would have observed how his colour came and went alternately.

"I must know more of her," he said, rising and walking quickly up and down the room. "It is very strange; I had a brother a clergyman in Ireland, and her likeness to my mother! she must be his child. I had not communicated with him for years, when I was obliged, about four years ago, to obtain his signature to a paper, enabling me to sell some of my property, and his letter, which was as short and cold as I deserved, for I never was a kind brother to him, was dated from some place beginning with Glen....."

"Glenmurragh was the place Fanny Tyrrel came from," said Mr. Bolton.

"Then she is his daughter," exclaimed Colonel Tyrrel, with emotion, "and I have still a tie to this world. Poor Henry! I daresay he died in distress too, the Irish clergy have suffered so much; but I will make all the reparation I can to his poor girl. Were there more children?"

"There was one other daughter at school," replied Mr. Bolton; "but you had better defer all inquiries until to-morrow, when my wife can tell you more particulars than I can, and will find

out from Miss Tyrrel every thing relating to her family."

"Bolton," said Colonel Tyrrel, as he threw himself into an arm-chair, "you know not what it is to be a lone man as I am, or you would not talk of delaying till to-morrow. I will see this poor girl to-night, and if she is, indeed, my niece, I must be a father to her; my home must be hers, too; my return to England may have been ordered by God for this, and He doeth all things well."

Neither of the gentlemen seemed inclined to speak on any other subject, and they retired early to the drawing-room. Here they found Mrs. Bolton alone; her quick eye soon perceived that something had agitated both of them.

"Come and sit down here, my dear friend," she said to Colonel Tyrrel. "You know I never can have you comfortably to myself, while Florence is in the room, and I have a great deal to say to you, before Frederica comes down to sing your Neapolitan favorites."

"And I have much to say to you also," replied Colonel Tyrrel—"much that concerns myself, and may change all my plans and prospects. I little thought, when I arrived here this morning a poor, companionless old man, that in your sweet-looking young friend, I should discover the child of an only brother."

"You are too sanguine, my dear Tyrrel," interrupted Mr. Bolton; "this is still all conjecture."

"I feel sure it is all true," said Mrs. Bolton.

"After we left you, I observed Fanny for some time at the window in deep thought; at last she turned round to Frederica, and asked her whether your name were Arthur, and on being answered in the affirmative, she grew quite pale, and left the room. I soon after went up to see Florence, and she asked me what was the matter, as Fanny had come up stairs and remained with her only a few minutes, and Martin afterwards found her in the school-room in tears. I think I will go up and find out all from her."

When Mrs. Bolton entered the school-room, she was quite alarmed at Miss Tyrrel's agitation, she was always so placid, and now her sobs were quite audible, as she lay on the sofa, with her face buried in the pillows.

"Dear Fanny, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Bolton, as she took her cold white hand. "Do try and calm yourself, for I wish to speak to you of what you seem little able to bear at present, and yet what I have to say may tend much to your happiness."

"Oh! Mrs. Bolton," replied the 'poor girl, as she raised her head, "if I could believe it was quite true; but it seems all a dream."

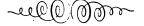
"I know what you allude to," said Mrs. Bolton; "and I do think it is all true. You think in Colonel Tyrrel you have found a near relative; and he feels no less sure that in you he sees the daughter of his only brother, to whom he says he was formerly far from kind. You must both, then, forget the past; he needs

the watchful care and attention you know so well how to bestow, and you need a protector and friend to whom you may naturally look up for counsel, and lean on for support. I ought not to say you need one, for in truth, dear Fanny, Mr. Bolton and I would be ungrateful were such ever to be the case; but in an uncle, you will feel you have a more legitimate guardian; and believe me, the more you know Colonel Tyrrel, the more you will love and revere him."

"Oh! I am sure of it," said Fanny. "Florence has so often spoken of him, I feel as if I already knew him. Dear Mrs. Bolton, it is all so like a dream! A few hours ago, I wrote to my sister, urging her to study and lose no opportunity of improving herself, as on her exertions and talents she would be hereafter dependent; that we were alone in the world; and now the Lord has raised up a friend for us. I remember sometimes wondering if my uncle were

still alive, or could know how we were circumstanced; and then I had the recollection of my dear father's distress when I asked him about him at the time we were in want, and I thought we could never look to his helping us, even were he aware of our situation."

Voices were now heard in the passage, and in a few moments Fanny was in the arms of Colonel Tyrrel.



Chapter Sebenth.

We must now pass over some months, and take our readers back to the Castle of Glenmurragh, where the same party is assembled as we found in the library when our story commenced; but as they are differently employed, we may as well mention, that Sir James, with his brother and Mr. Markham, have only just returned after a lengthened visit to the east, and Lady Trevelyan and her sister have been patiently listening to the descriptions given by the two brothers of all they have seen. We are able to say both the ladies are patient listeners, for poor Miss Hazlett, who in general likes to be chief speaker, is too happy to see them at home again, in any way to interrupt their conversation.

"Well, now, mother," said Sir James, "we have

got as far as Naples, you must be heartily tired of our sight-seeings."

"If my mother is not, I know I am," said Henry. "You stopped an unconscionable time at Malta; and I want to know all she and my aunt have been doing since their last letter." •

"We have not been doing very much," answered Lady Trevelyan; "but I have something to tell you of an old friend, which will, I am sure, surprise and please you."

"An old friend," said both the young men at once. "Oh! I am sure you mean Fanny Tyrrel; what about her? Is she still with the Boltons?"

"Not with the Boltons, but in a very pretty villa near them; but I must excite your curiosity a little, before I tell you more about her."

Had Lady Trevelyan at that moment looked up and seen Mr. Markham's countenance of painful anxiety, she would have spared him further suspense; but she was herself so happy at the news she had to tell, she forgot the effect it might have upon him.

"Oh!" said Henry, "she is not, of course, living by herself, so we may conclude she is married, and a very nice wife she must make.

What is her name now, mother?"

- "Tyrrel," said Lady Trevelyan.
- "Mrs. instead of Miss Tyrrel?" said Henry.
- "I did not say that," replied Lady Trevelyan, smiling.
- "But you implied it, surely; do tell us all about her, for I know there must be something strange to tell."
- "Passing strange, indeed," said Lady Trevelyan, as she related what our readers already know. "And now she is happily settled with her uncle, as mistress of his house, and her sister has been moved to a school in London, to be near her, and have the benefit of the best masters. Col. Tyrrel is most affectionate and kind, and of course all he has will hereafter be theirs.

"I hear Miss Tyrrel is greatly admired," said Miss Hazlett; "you may be sure she will make some good match. I heard a nephew of Mrs. Bolton's was in love with her when she was living at Roseley, but he had not a shilling, and as she had then no prospect of anything, of course it could not be; and now, you may be sure, the old colonel would look for something better for her."

Mr. Markham's feelings, when he retired to his room, were of the most varied description; it was a relief to find Fanny was unmarried, and he was too unselfish not to rejoice at her altered circumstances, but how did they afflict him? Miss Hazlett had insinuated that Colonel Tyrrel would naturally expect his niece to form some brilliant connexion, and had given him to understand that want of means alone had prevented her marrying Mrs. Bolton's nephew. He had watched the English mails, during his wanderings, alone to hear tidings of her, and his

first thought on landing in England, was of again meeting, or writing to, her; and now all was changed—she seemed further from him than ever, and the bright dream which had lasted since they parted, seemed dispelled for ever. How often had he leaned with hope on her words during their last walk together - "May God direct and guide us to what may tend to our true happiness here, and our eternal rest, where parting is unknown," and now every hope seemed shattered. He threw himself on his bed. and morning dawned before sleep visited his eyelids. On again awaking, it was some time before he could recall the events of the preceding evening; but when he did so, his case appeared less wretched than it had done. After all, Miss Hazlett only spoke her own opinion; and as for Mrs. Bolton's nephew, it was very natural for him to fall in love with Miss Tyrrel, and his want of sufficient means being the cause of his dismissal, was only a report. One thing was certain, however—he was himself as poor and homeless as when he, more that two years ago, took leave of her, and there seemed now as little prospect of his wishes being accomplished. After a short walk in the garden, he joined the family at breakfast, determined, before the end of the day, to speak to Lady Trevelyan; she had always shown so much interest in what concerned him, that he felt he might confide in her.

An opportunity of speaking to her occurred sooner than he expected, as her sons left the table as soon as the repast was over, to drive to some part of the property for fishing, and Miss Hazlett was confined to her room with a bad headache, but his natural timidity would have probably delayed his confession, had not Lady Trevelyan given him an opening, by saying, she hoped his wanderings had not unsuited him for parochial duties, as she had a little plan in her head which she thought would be so suitable for him.

"You know my old failing of castle-building," she said. "Well, our rector here, dear Mr. Tyrrel's successor, has been ordered abroad for the winter, this climate being too damp for him, and it struck me that it would be such a nice arrangement if you were to be his curate; he will give £100 a-year and his house. The latter, of course, you would not require; unless," she added, with a smile, "you will look out for a Mrs. Markham to assist you, which I shall not object to, provided I approve of the lady. Your countenance almost makes me fancy you have fixed on one already."

"Fixed my heart on one, indeed, Lady Trevelyan," replied Markham,—"one who, I fear, I must now try and forget for ever."

"I will not ask her name," said Lady Trevelyan, "for I already know it; but why should you try and forget her?—has she forgotten you?"

"Oh! Lady Trevelyan, you must remember how far her worldly circumstances have placed her above me." "Worldly circumstances will never affect Fanny Tyrrel's feelings," replied Lady Trevelyan. "It was only last week she said in a letter to me, that, surrounded as she was with wealth and luxury, her mind often travelled back to the little Rectory of Glenmurragh, and the dear friends she loved there in bygone days."

"But her uncle?" said Mr. Markham.

"As to Colonel Tyrrel, he certainly may be an obstacle in one way at first, but I hear he is a good man, and I am sure would not, after a time, make an objection, if he saw it would tend to his niece's happiness; and he can give her as much money as he pleases. In fact, my dear friend, you must keep up your spirits, and all will turn out as you wish. But to return to the subject of the curacy. I was speaking to Mr. Barlow about you. May I say you would accept it?"

"Certainly; it is just what I would wish."

"Then I will run away from you now, as I have dinner to order, and some letters to write

before I go to the school at twelve. I am going to write to a fair lady not one hundred miles from Richmond," she said, laughing; "may I give any message from you?"

"My respectful regards," said Markham.

"Oh! I never could give such a stiff message as that," replied Lady Trevelyan; "but I will give a less cold and formal one. You need not be at all alarmed, however; you are quite safe in my hands."

Markham stood transfixed for some time after the door was closed. Hope was again triumphant; a cloud seemed to have passed away, and the sun again to beam on him. He tried not to feel too sanguine; but how difficult one finds it, under very happy circumstances, to argue one's-self into believing that disappointment may occur. We may say we consider it possible, nay probable, but still we allow ourselves to live on, in a kind of dream, till some rude crash awakens us. Mr. Markham persuaded

himself that his mind was full of doubts and fears, yet he often detected himself forming plans for the future, and Fanny Tyrrel in some way connected with every scheme; her opinion and advice to decide all. He felt relieved at having confided in Lady Trevelyan, she was so kind, and, at the same time, so well-judging; and now that he had opened his mind to her, he could at all times consult her. Days, however, passed away, and nothing further passed between them on the subject so constantly in his thoughts. Mr. Barlow had made all the necessary arrangements for giving up the parish into his care, when one morning, as he was leaving the breakfast-room, Lady Trevelyan put a letter into his hand, which she said might interest One glance at the hand-writing post-mark, showed it was from Fanny; half the sheet had been cut off, but the first part of the letter, which was all that interested him was there. He hurried to his own room, and throwing himself into a chair opposite the window, read as follows:—

"Dearest Lady Trevelyan - You know how welcome your last letter was to me, telling of the safe arrival of the long absent ones. happy you must be! I just picture to myself the little group now as I write gathered round your work-table; and how can I sufficiently thank you for wishing me to join the party with Mary and my dear kind uncle. I have just been speaking to him on the subject, and he desires me to say how happy he will be to accept your invitation, and make the acquaintance of one whose kindness to me he can never The change will be so good for him just now, as he has had a nasty cough. This climate he feels so cold even now, after Italy, and the Boltons are at Malvern, and likely to remain some time. The bracing air and waters have been of such use to my precious Florence, so, dearest Lady Trevelyan, I may look to seeing

you in about a fortnight; Mary's holidays will begin then-poor child! she is nearly beside herself with delight at the prospect. Oh! with what altered feelings shall we revisit our old home !--poor shortsighted mortals! how wretched we were at leaving it, not seeing the hand that was leading us through the dark waters, and never let us go. I can now trace mercy in every step God led us; our pride needed crushing, and when we were humbled in the dust, He raised us up. Thank Mr. Markham much for his kind recollection of me; it will be a comfort to me to see him fill my beloved father's place, even though but for a time. It grieved me so to see a stranger in the pulpit before I left Glenmurragh. I know what a weak, unworthy feeling this was, but I was very weak in body and mind then....."

This was all that was contained in the sheet Lady Trevelyan gave him, but to him it was a volume; he could scarcely realise it. In one fortnight, Fanny would be again with him, unchanged, too, in all that was essential. He read over and over again the passage relating to himself-"It would be a comfort to her to see him filling her father's place." How much was implied in this? If her feelings towards him were altered, surely she would not have said He felt delighted how he had arranged this. with Mr. Barlow to occupy the Rectory, as he could settle everything in the garden as it had been before. Yes! Fanny should find it as it was when he surprised her there, the day she was to leave it. The seat which Mr. Barlow had removed to the shrubbery, should be put back into its place near the little stream; the rustic gate which led towards the house had been taken away, but he would have a new one put up, and train the clematis again round it.

As he formed these plans, the clock struck twelve, and he found he had spent nearly two hours thus; he felt ashamed. Would Fanny approve of this, he thought, and, starting up, the next moment found him hastening towards the village, to visit a poor woman whom he had promised the day before to call on. Old Mary Haverty was the widow of a gardener who had lived at the Rectory in Mr. Tyrrel's time, and had died of fever the year before his old master. Mary had constantly from that time been employed about the house, and had helped poor Fanny to arrange everything there before she left it. That was the black day to her, as she often said; the sun never shone brightly on Glenmurragh after.

"Well, then, Mr. Markham," she said, as he entered, "but it does me good to see you, and sure I thought I'd have lost my eyesight on Sunday, when I saw you in the old parson's pulpit. 'Well, well,' said I to Jenny Sparks, as I came out, 'but I never thought I'd live to see this day.' Oh! if Miss Fanny was here, but it's she that would be glad—I wonder will I ever see

her again, and she's a grand lady now—more luck to her. I'm the funny woman, God help me, Mr. Markham, dear; many's the time I thought what a wife she'd make for yourself. I wonder how Miss Mary is growing up?—the sweet child!—I think I see her now, running about like a young kid; but she wasn't like Miss Fanny at all, at all, for she had the sinse of the world in her. I wonder did my Lady hear of her lately, sir?"

"This morning," replied Markham; "and I think before long she will be at the Castle."

"My blessing on you for telling me this—but why didn't you tell me before? Oh! Miss Fanny, dear, but won't Mary Haverty be glad to see you again, and won't every one in the village be glad?"

Tears came into her eyes at the prospect.

Markham lingered on; it gave him pleasure to see the genuine affection of this simple-minded widow; and great was her gratification when he

told her his plans regarding the Rectory garden. Oh! she would herself go up and help him; everything there wanted training, and there was a power of weeds in it, Mr. Barlow cared so little about anything but his books, and he had no wife.

"Maybe I'll live to see you and Miss Fanny settled there yet," she added; "that would be the blessed day for Glenmurragh."

Fortunately at this moment Markham saw Lady Trevelyan passing on her way to the school, so he took leave of Mary Haverty, and joined her.



Chapter Eighth.

In a pretty octagon room opening into a shrubbery, and commanding a lovely prospect, where mountain, wood, and water combined to add beauty to the scenery, sat the two sisters, a few days before they were to set out for Ireland. Fanny seemed in deep thought, while the volatile Mary was arranging some flowers in a vase beside her.

"Oh! how glad I shall be," exclaimed the latter, as she finished her task, "to see dear Glenmurragh again! I wish, Fanny, I could look as sober about it as you do, though you are as happy at the prospect of it as I can be."

Fanny could not help smiling at the remark.

"When you are as old as I am, Mary, you will possibly look as calmly at everything in this world."

"I really try sometimes, Fanny, to be less wild, but it will be so pleasant to see so many people one loves—Lady Trevelyan, and Sir James and Henry, and then Mr. Markham and the people in the village; and my uncle will be delighted with the walks about the Castle. I wonder whether the drive is finished through the glen to the forester's house."

"I think Lady Trevelyan said, in one of her letters, that it was," replied Fanny.

"My uncle and Mr. Markham will do famously together, they are both so good," continued Mary, "and at the same time so cheerful; and there is my uncle now," she added, as she flew off to meet him in the shrubbery.

Colonel Tyrrel's affection for his nieces increased daily. Mary was his plaything, while Fanny was the companion of his quieter hours. The former came from school every Saturday, and remained till Monday, and was now at home, preparatory to the visit to Ireland.

"Well, little mischief," he said, as he put his arm round her slender waist, "what have you been doing with yourself all the morning? I have taken a long walk, so must sit quiet for the rest of the afternoon, and you must chatter away, as usual, to amuse me—of course I shall hear of nothing but Glenmurragh."

"I was just talking of it when I saw you, dear uncle, but when you get there you will not be surprised at my thinking of it so much."

"Indeed, my darling, I should be sorry it were not so, you owe so much to Lady Trevelyan, who acted a mother's part by you and Fanny, when you were homeless and friendless."

They had now reached the window by which Mary had made her exit, and she was the next moment beside her sister, assisting her to choose the wool for some delicately-shaded flowers she was working.

"Here is my uncle, quite tired, Fanny, from

his walk, so we are to make ourselves very agreeable to him, and he can lie down on that sofa, while we talk to him."

"You talk quite enough for us both, Mary," said Fanny, laughing.

"Oh! Fanny thinks, while I talk. I am sure I wish I could talk of what she thinks about, and then some sense would come out of my poor mouth. She promises that I shall be steadier when I grow old, but really I fear my case is a hopeless one—what do you think, uncle?"

"Nearly so," said the old man, smiling; "but I confess I should be sorry to see you much changed, Mary. I should sadly miss your gay laugh, but I think you will be rather over-powering during the last few miles of our journey to Glenmurragh. I think, Fanny, we shall have to put her outside the carriage, and get Webster in her place, or suppose we send her back to school, if she talk of Glenmurragh for more than an hour each day until we set out."

"Oh! uncle," said Mary, "that would be too unfair, and, besides, you and Fanny began twice yesterday to speak of it when I was thinking of something quite different, and then of course I joined, and you both laughed at me afterwards.

"Mrs. Webster wants to try on Miss Mary's dress," said the butler, as he entered with some biscuits and a glass of wine for his old master.

"How tiresome," said the gay girl, as she laid down the basket of wools she was looking over.

"Well Mary," said her uncle, "we promise faithfully not to talk of Glenmurragh till you come back, but you must not be long away."

"Oh! I will return as soon as ever Webster releases me. I hope my frock will fit, and then there will be no more trying on."

"A sweet affectionate child," exclaimed Col.
Tyrrel, as the door closed.

"Her spirits are so high," said Fanny, look-

ing grave, "I tremble when I think that sorrow and trial may ever visit her."

"God grant that both may be far from her, Fanny; you are not by nature as buoyant or sanguine, my darling. Your poor father's disposition was very like yours, and the quiet gentleness of his character, I grieve to think, greatly estranged me from him. While I spent my whole days shooting or hunting, he passed his time with our sister, whose delicate health confined her chiefly to the house."

"My dear father often talked of her," replied Fanny. "Oh! there was indeed no buoyancy in him. I do not think he ever smiled after my mother's death, the blow quite crushed him, and when poverty then came upon us, he seemed too much stunned to exert himself in any way. Many people said he ought to have made his case more public, but he always answered, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"My poor brother!" said Colonel Tyrrel, with emotion. "While I was in affluence, he was suffering such privations."

"I often wished to ask you, dear uncle," said Fanny, after a short silence, "to tell me some particulars of your former life—I ought, perhaps, rather to say of later years abroad, how your mind first became impressed with the subject of religion; foreign life and society are so little calculated to lead one to what is right."

"It is a long story, sweetest, but you shall hear it."

"Not if it saddens you, though," said Fanny, as she kissed his cheek, down which a tear slowly rolled.

"There are few lives, my love, as long as mine, without many dark passages, but I have had great mercies. You are aware that the cause of my leaving this country was my marriage with one, my inferior in rank of life, but a lovelier and gentler being never lived,

my poor wife. Your grandfather and grandmother never would acknowledge her, and I left England in disgust, feeling myself illtreated, and determining never to revisit my parents, till they consented to receive one of whom I was proud, and to whom I was fondly attached. I did, however, return, at the urgent entreaty of my mother, who had made an idol of me, and remained with her during the last fortnight of her life, when I again sought the shores of Italy, having settled my father, who had sunk into a state of second childhood, with a widowed sister near Dublin. Years flew by, my life seemed to pass in uninterrupted sunshine; I my beloved wife sought after and admired; for hers was a beauty which gained by its contrast with the tall and majestic brunette of the south. She was small, and delicately formed; her soft hazel eye gave an appearance of melancholy to her countenance, though a joyous smile played round her mouth: the latter would,

by an artist, have been considered too large, but for this pleasing expression, and the brilliant teeth it displayed. Her picture I must one day show you, though I seldom now look at it. Why should I gaze on the image of what God has seen fit to remove from me. How I wept over my gourd, as it lay faded before me, till my murmuring spirit felt, it is better for me to die than live, I do well to be angry even unto death. One sweet little girl had been given to add to our happiness, and I may say to guide us into the haven which she and her dear mother were to reach before me. You often remind me of her, Fanny; it was your likeness to her that struck me so the first evening I met you at Roseley. She was not born till some years after our marriage; and as we never had another child, she became the sole object of our thoughts and care; the Giver was forgotten, while the gift was idolized. Her nurse was an Italian woman, but when she was about five years of age, we parted with her to seek for one of our own country. Strange to say, our darling seemed pleased at the change after the first day, and said she liked her new nurse so much, she told her such pretty stories about God. I may say from that time her conversation was in heaven. We often listened with pleasure and wonder as she dwelt on a Saviour's love and sufferings; but when she ceased to speak, all was forgotten; the world was in our hearts; and often, as we afterwards heard, she returned to the arms of her faithful attendant at night, and prayed, with a faltering voice, that her dear papa and mamma might be made to love Jesus.

"As Helen grew up, the sweetness and unselfishness of her disposition made her beloved by all that knew her—the latter was especially remarkable when with children of her own age; she cheerfully yielded to their wishes, and joined sometimes in a boisterous game, when her tastes would have led her to a far different

occupation. When she was about fourteen years of age, we established ourselves at Florence. The English clergyman there had been school-fellow of mine, and he called on us as soon as we arrived. He was a truly pious man, and with him and his amiable family, Helen passed a great portion of her time, while her mother and I entered into all the vain society of that gay and lovely place. We were there about six months, when the Grand Duke gave a splendid ball to all the English visitors at Florence, who had attended his court. My wife (who was everywhere known as 'La Belle Anglaise') and I were of course invited. I know not whether her mind was especially engrossed by the preparations for it, which our dear child thought wrong, but she seemed unusually distressed during this afternoon, and as she watched her mother, and even assisted at her toilette, she could not help saying, 'How I wish you were not going out to-night, mamma.'

"'And why not my love?' I said. 'I am afraid you are imbibing some of your friends' rigid notions. What harm can there be in our going where we shall see a very grand sight, and meet a great many friends; and as for dancing, how merrily you and the little Parkers danced here the other evening, while Madame Blonelle played for you.'

"She did not answer, but a tear stood in her large blue eye. The carriage was just then announced, so, kissing her affectionately, we set off to the last ball-room we ever entered. As we approached the ducal palace, notwith-standing the very excellent regulations of the guards on duty, several carriages had got out of the line, which caused much delay and confusion. At last, a friend who was driving close behind us, proposed we should alight and walk, as we were close to one of the entrances. This we at once agreed to, but soon found our difficulties had only begun; the horses belonging to

some of the foremost carriages had become unmanageable, which prevented us from getting on; the crowd had closed in behind us, so that it was impossible to get back to our own carriage, and we remained standing, waiting for an opportunity to move forward, for more than half-an-hour. Though the evening certainly was lovely, I felt anxious about my dear wife; she had a large cloak round her, but her head was of course uncovered, nor would she be persuaded to put a shawl over it, as she naturally feared to disarrange her hair. At last we made our way on, and soon forgot the inconveniences we had met with, in the magnificent scene before I never witnessed such a coup d'ail. brilliancy of the light from numerous splendid chandeliers, was quite dazzling; while the rich uniforms of the gentlemen, and the sparkling diamonds with which many of the ladies seemed covered, reminded me of some of the gorgeous descriptions in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertain-

ments.' We were soon surrounded by friends. I seldom felt in higher spirits; as we went from room to room, I was rallied by several acquaintances as they passed, on the plainness of my costume, which they knew had only arrived that morning from London. 'The D. Militia ought to have more gold on their coats,' said one. 'But for madame, you would be quite cast in the shade here, colonel, said another. While my pride was gratified by the remarks I overheard on her, who was so unconscious of her own loveliness, 'Oh! qu'-elle est belle! Che bella donna,' reached my ears from many a foreign group, ere the close of an evening which I shall never forget. It was a late hour when we returned home. My wife did not feel tired; she slept soundly, but on awaking complained of a pain in her chest, though she showed no other indication of cold at the time. Several visitors called in the course of the day, to talk over the events of the preceding night. In the evening,

however, the pain in her chest increased, accompanied by shivering, so that she retired early to bed. Her sleep was much disturbed, and towards morning she became so restless I sent for a phy-The gravity of his countenance, as he sician. felt her pulse, alarmed me much, and on interrogating him, he told me he considered her seriously ill, though at present not alarmingly so; that she had much fever, and that with her fragile frame he feared to use the strong remedies her case called for. I need not tell you all the various changes in her illness, nor the agony I endured as I watched, by night and by day, the sufferings of one who was dearer to me than life itself. I felt no confidence in the physician, and knew not the Great Physician, whom I could have flown to in my trouble.

"But how shall I describe Helen during those hours of anxiety? It was the third morning of her beloved parent's illness, that, after sitting for some time at her bedside, the dear child came to

call me. I was writing, and started up as she entered the room—her countenance seems before me now.

"'Dear papa,' she said, as she threw herself into my arms, 'I am so wretched—I must speak to you.'

"' Darling, does your mamma seem worse?"

"'No,' she replied, 'not worse, but I feel she is very, very ill, and I know not what to do. Oh! papa,' she added, as she burst into tears, 'her poor, poor soul! How I wish she would see Mr. Parker.'

"'My love,' I said, 'it would never do—it would terrify her were we to speak of it, for she would naturally conclude we considered her in danger, and her mind must be kept quite calm. You are not strong enough, dearest, for all this nursing. Go and try to take a little sleep, and I will go to your mamma.'

"'I could not sleep, papa; I feel God is angry with me.'

- "'Angry with you, my sweet one?—then He can be neither a just nor a merciful God.'
- "'He is both, papa; but I have offended Him. He loved me, and I never now speak of His love; He saved me, and I fear to speak of His salvation. Oh! papa, flee to Him, and make mamma flee to Him, for He is our only refuge. What has the world done for you, since she was laid on a bed of sickness?'
- "I could not answer her, but, wiping away the tears which flowed fast down her cheek, I led her back to her mother's room. She went over towards the window, while I sat by the bedside. I saw her lips move, and knew by the expression of her countenance that she was in prayer. After a short time, she came over to me; the dear invalid turned her eyes towards me, and motioning to her to bend down, said to her—
- "'My darling child, I often see you praying; I know you are praying for me—why not kneel down near me, that I may join you?"

- "'Because, mamma, I feared to weary you while you are so weak.'
- "'It will not tire me, dear,' she said; 'and your papa is here now.'

"Our precious one's petition had been heard at the throne of grace, and her poor thoughtless parents were to be plucked like brands from the burning. I believe the first time I ever prayed was then, beside that sick bed, when my sainted treasure raised her soft voice in supplication to her God, for mercy and for comfort.

"You are aware that my dear wife was spared to me for many months after this illness. She rose from her bed an altered being; feeble and shattered was the frail body, but her spirit seemed in heaven; she belonged to a purer sphere, and was not to be left long with me. For a time her strength seemed returning, but in the course of a few weeks, the flushed cheek and quick breathing told of a fever which was burning within, and a distressing cough often

disturbed her rest at night. It was not till the following spring, however, that I was really awakened to the danger of her state. Men are but little accustomed to sickness, and while there is no actual suffering, and the spirits are light and cheerful, which is usually the case in the early stages of consumption, they feel no alarm. The dear one herself first opened my eyes.

"'Arthur,' she said, one morning that we had strolled out for a short walk, which was all she was equal to, 'I know you do not see me declining, but I am, though slowly. Every week now, my limbs are more feeble, and it distressed me to think you were not aware of this. We must part, dearest, but only for a time; we have both the same hope beyond the grave, sure and steadfast. In the world where we shall meet again, sorrow can never enter, and parting is unknown.'

"I could not answer her-my heart was bursting.

"'My love,' she continued, 'you must try and accustom yourself to think of this transient separation: you and our sweet child will be safe beneath the wings of the Almighty, till you join me above. Into his hands, without fear or doubt, I commend you.'

"Helen just then joined us, so she said no more at the time. Often, however, was the subject renewed, and oh! with what calmness she spoke of leaving the world.

"'I shall see it again,' she said, 'when it is renewed and purified, when sin has left it—no, not left it, but Christ will be here, and holiness will be triumphant.'

"Our journey from Florence to Leghorn was a fatiguing one. The dear invalid's strength was daily failing, and I fancied the sea-air would be beneficial to her. The weather becoming very hot, as summer advanced, she was herself anxious for the change, and some kind friends who were there, took a nice house for us, in a quiet situation.

"I little thought of the trials that were to visit me there. We had not arrived more than three weeks, when the cholera broke out; the whole town was in consternation; all the usual precautions were taken. According as each street was visited with the sad malady, steps were taken to cut off all communication with it, and guards were placed at each end of it, to furnish the necessary provisions, &c., as none but those appointed by the sanitary commissioners could pass the cordon established. The number of deaths was, as much as possible, concealed. Our little household felt no fear; Helen's sweet face sometimes turned pale, as the Italian courier brought in some tale of woe, often false, regarding the fearful increase of cases, but she would then say, with a smile, 'All this is God's work—He can stay the plague when he sees fit.'

"It was not for more than six weeks from its commencement that the cholera began to subside. It had reached the locality in which

we resided, only a few days, when I was called up at night, in consequence of the sudden illness of our highly valued servant, Helen's nurse. Her symptoms could not be mistaken; fearful were her bodily sufferings for six hours, when God took her to Himself. But oh! she was not to be the only victim. Our precious child was seized, the evening of the following day. Oh, Fanny, may you never know half the wretchedness I endured, as I watched the progress of the disease, and saw the change that intense agony was hourly effecting on the countenance of my sweet treasure. Her poor dying mother, too, kneeling beside her; her thin hands clasped together, and her large eyes so fixed and tearless—the whole scene is now before All that medical skill could do, was resorted to; but it only prolonged her sufferings -I felt hopeless from the beginning.

"'Dearest mamma,' she said, 'you will soon follow me; but oh! poor, poor papa.....'

"These were the last words I heard her speak, for she soon after fell into a state of lethargy. However, the English housemaid we had brought with us from Florence, told me, that just as her gentle spirit was departing, she opened her eyes, her lips moved, and she distinctly heard her repeat the last lines of a favorite hymn:—

... "'This my only plea—
Jesus has lived and died for me."

"I had led my wife from the chamber of death, a few minutes before; she was almost fainting when I laid her on her bed, from which she never rose again, and in one week, I saw her laid in the cold grave, beside our little darling, and returned to my desolate lodging, a lone and heartbroken man.

"Great was the kindness and sympathy I met with from the English families at Leghorn; but none, save He who dealt the blow, could heal the wound. I do not think I ever actually

murmured against Him, but it was long before I felt resigned to His holy will. I had no tie to this world, and no duties to perform; for I had some time before sold all my landed property, so I wandered from one place to another, without aim or object. My introduction to our friends, the Boltons, about two years after my bereavement, was the first thing that I may say roused me. I became much interested in dear Florence, who was then about the age of my own beloved child when I lost her; and in their little circle I gradually regained cheer-My meeting with them was, I feel, blessed to all; as I was the honoured instrument in the hands of my heavenly Father of bringing that interesting child to His mercy-seat, where she has found perfect peace."

The old man here paused, and Fanny was glad, soon after, at the return of Mary, their conversation turned into a less sad channel.

Chapter Rinth.

THE day at length arrived, on which Colonel Tyrrel and his nieces were to arrive at Glenmurragh. Mr. Markham rose at an early hour, but finding it impossible to give his mind to his usual avocations, he took up a book, and slowly strolled into the Castle grounds. As he turned towards the garden, he met Sir James and his brother.

"We were just going down to you," said the former, "to tell you, dinner is not to be till half-past seven o'clock, as the Tyrrels will not be here till late. How early you are out this morning—we generally find you at this hour plodding over some sermon."

"You may as well come and take a walk with us by the brook," said Henry, "I advise you not to go into the garden, for aunt Caroline

is there, and will surely seize on you to admire her pansies. You are high in her favour, I can tell you, since you sent her that dark one. I hope I shall see her meeting this evening with Fanny Tyrrel; it is astonishing how she has risen in her opinion, since fortune began to smile on her.

"You are really too severe, Henry," replied Markham; "your aunt often spoke to me in the highest terms of Miss Tyrrel, before she left this. I think she was only prejudiced against her until she knew her."

"And then, you would say, she of course liked her," said Henry. "Come now, Markham, I have been most merciful to you, for I never bullied you about Fanny while your case seemed hopeless, though I was often tempted to do so, particularly at Genoa, when we saw the girl so like her, and you would follow her from street to street till we found out her name. And what a name it was! Buggins or Muggins, or some-

thing of that kind. Now, however, that the tide has turned, I cannot spare you."

"Has the tide turned?" asked Markham.

"Oh! to be sure it has; just make yourself very agreeable to the old uncle—as agreeable as you formerly did to his fair niece. They will be here for a month, at least; a great deal can be done in that time. I promise to help you, and tell him you are the best fellow that ever lived, just suited for domestic life; and I can add anything else you like. If you will only just put your case into my hands, I will....."

"Make a pretty mess of it," added Sir James, laughing. "No, no, Markham, I advise you to have nothing to say to Henry—manage your affairs your own way. All I can say is, you show right good taste in liking Fanny Tyrrel, and the colonel may try a long time before he finds a better husband for his niece."

The young men continued their walk for nearly two hours, when the brothers returned

to the Castle, and Markham proceeded homewards through the village.

It was nearly half-past six o'clock, when Mary Haverty ran into the study, where he was engaged writing.

"Sure they're come, Mr. Markham, dear," she exclaimed, "and I saw them as they were turning into the gate. I had been down looking for eggs, at Peggy King's, when they passed, and a fine lady's maid behind the carriage, as grand as my lady's up at the Castle. I couldn't see Miss Fanny, she was leaning back so; God help her! maybe she was thinking of them that are gone; but I saw Miss Mary's sweet face, and it was sad enough too. The ould gentleman was looking out of the window. He is not like the poor master, for he has a proud look about him. Oh! how my heart riz up when I saw them, though many's the sorrow it brings to my mind."

Markham quickly put aside his writing materials, to prepare for dinner, and was shortly after

on his way to the Castle. On entering the library, he found Colonel Tyrrel there alone. The latter advanced and shook hands with him warmly.

"I believe," he said, "I have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Markham, an old friend of my nieces', who will be very happy to see him again."

Markham assured him of the great gratification it afforded him, to make his acquaintance, and had just sat down on the sofa beside him, when the door opened, and Fanny and Mary entered, ushered in by Miss Hazlett, who had joined them on the stairs.

"How do you do, Mr. Markham?" she exclaimed. "Here are the Miss Tyrrels, who, I am sure, you will be glad to see again. We shall have some inducement now, to tempt you up here in the morning; for you never come near us. There must be some wondrous charm about that old Rectory. I hear you and some

old woman are to be seen in the garden there, every morning, digging, training, and watering. However, I can answer for the pansies there being the finest I ever saw."

Markham felt quite obliged to Miss Hazlett for talking so much, as both he and Fanny felt awkward at first meeting. Dinner passed over cheerfully; Fanny, of course, sat next Sir James, while Markham placed himself at the opposite side of the table, between Mary and Miss Hazlett. After the ladies retired to the drawing-room, he had a good deal of conversation with Colonel Tyrrel, and it was finally arranged that he was to call for him the following morning, and take him round the village, and to see a new school-house about three miles from the Castle.

"What a sensible, agreeable young man Mr. Markham seems to be," said Colonel Tyrrel, as he seated himself beside Lady Trevelyan, in the evening, while the rest of the party collected

round the pianoforte. "He has kindly promised to devote himself to me to-morrow, and to call for me after breakfast. I am a good walker, but too old now to trespass on the time of your young gentlemen, though they offered to take me wherever I wished to go. It is fortunate for you to have such a companion for them."

"Oh! he is a most superior person," replied Lady Trevelyan, "and has lived with us for several years. Your poor brother had a high opinion of him, and he is so beloved in the parish. Our rector, who is now absent, has been in bad health ever since he came here, which makes him very inactive, and indeed he is in other respects very unfit for a country congregation; a clever man, but quite a bookworm."

"I hope you think Fanny looking well, Lady Trevelyan."

"Oh! so very well; and it gives me such

pleasure to see her again. Mary is so much grown, I should never have known her."

"They are both sweet girls. I have long wished for an opportunity of thanking you, my dear madam, for all your kindness to them; they often speak of it, and I trust none of us will forget it."

A loud shout was now heard from the direction of the pianoforte, and in a few moments, Fanny's sweet voice was heard, blending with the full tones of Mr. Markham's.

"There now, I knew you could sing it," said Henry.

"And most beautifully too," added Miss Hazlett; "I never heard two voices go better together in my life. We really must have some more duets to-morrow evening; indeed there will be quite time for another before we go to bed."

"I shall vote for the same one over again, then," said Colonel Tyrrel as he joined the party.

"Encore, encore!" said Henry. "A good beginning, Markham," he whispered, as the latter, with heightened colour, again approached.

The song was repeated, and soon after the party separated.



Chapter Tenth.

THE following morning, after breakfast, Colonel Tyrrel and Mr. Markham set out for their walk. In the avenue they were met by several of the villagers, on their way to the Castle, to see the "young ladies." Their Irish enthusiasm was amusing, to one who had been so long unused to it, and they stopped a long time talking to Mary Haverty, whose eloquence knew no bounds.

"Sure, then, your honour, I'll be prouder to see Miss Fanny, than if it was the Queen. Did not I see her in joy and in trouble? and yourself knows that, Mr. Markham. May I never see such an hour again, as the day she left the Rectory, and you came down to fetch her, and took her up with you to the Castle. She'll be

glad, so she will, to see the way you settled the garden, as it was before, just to please her."

"I think we had better proceed, sir," said Markham, dreading the turn the conversation was taking; "we have a long walk before us."

"It is gratifying to see such genuine good feeling," replied Colonel Tyrrel; "this will be a trying day to my poor niece, though she will be glad to see all these kind simple people again."

After leaving the demesne, the gentlemen followed a mountainous road to the left, which commanded a view of the village, and the woods belonging to the Castle. They stood some time admiring it.

"How nicely situated your house is," said Colonel Tyrrel, as they continued their walk; "it has all the advantage of those fine woods, and the church near it is a very picturesque object. The rector is, I believe, very old—is he not?"

"Not above sixty, but very unhealthy, which prevents him being as active as he probably would be otherwise, for I think he is a good man."

"Is the living a good one?"

"It would be called in these days a fine one —£800 a-year, and, after poor rates and taxes are deducted, the rector may reckon more than £600 clear, and the whole parish being Sir James's property, of course there is no difficulty in getting it."

"A very nicely circumstanced living, indeed," said Colonel Tyrrel. "In the gift of the bishop, I suppose?"

"The government and bishop appoint alternately," replied Markham; "it will be in the hands of the latter when next vacant."

"Yes, yes, I remember, it was the late bishop who appointed my poor brother; I believe he was married to a cousin of Mrs. Tyrrel."

"His appointment was ordered by a higher

power," replied Markham. "Long, long will his memory live in the hearts of all who knew him. The fruits of his ministry, I am daily a witness to; it was at his suggestion the school we are now going to visit, was opened. The house, Lady Trevelyan built; as there was not even a room in the neighbourhood which could be hired. I remember our thinking it quite hopeless to expect any attendance, as all the people who work in the collieries, for whose benefit it was intended, are Roman Catholics; but dear Mr. Tyrrel gained his point, and there is now a pretty regular attendance of thirty boys, and nearly double the number of girls."

Their conversation had been so interesting, that Colonel Tyrrel had not observed that they had turned off the more public road, and were now in the wildest district he had ever visited. As far as his eye could reach, no cultivation seemed visible, save here and there a little patch of green, near some wretched dwelling. The

school-house which they were approaching, was a long, low building; the grey stone of which it was composed looked cold, but made it more in character with the scenery around. As soon as they appeared, the buzz of many voices was for a moment hushed; but many a bright look gave welcome to the young pastor as he entered. An inner room was filled with the girls, who were engaged at needlework, while the mistress, a kind-looking young woman, asked them questions from a well-worn Bible before her.

"Perhaps, sir, you will go on examining them," she said to Markham, as she rose to give him her chair.

He declined, however, and stood near her, while she continued.

"I preferred your seeing how the school is conducted daily," he said in a low voice to Col. Tyrrel; "and I hope you will approve of it."

When the chapter was concluded, they returned to the boys' room, and after spending

nearly an hour there, set out on their road

"I do not intend to take you back the same dreary way, sir," said Markham: "by keeping to the left, we can enter the demesne by the forester's house, and see a pretty new drive Lady Trevelyan has made. To-morrow, if I have not tired you too much to-day, you will, I hope, allow me to take you to the Rectory."

"I trust, my friend, we shall have many long walks together; but you must not allow me to take up too much of your valuable time. Old men are sometimes unreasonable."

"I think I hear Henry's voice," said Mr. Markham, as they approached the stile which admitted them into the demesne. "Yes, there he is, with James. I conclude the ladies are visiting old Mrs. Neilson."

"You conclude right, then," cried Henry;
"I think Fanny and Mary have kept us here
for nearly half-an-hour, and the moment they

say good-bye, the old hag has some last words to say to them . . . I advise you not to go in, Markham, for you are such a prime favourite you will scarcely escape before dinner-time."

The dame's voice was just then heard from the cottage, as she followed Fanny and her sister to the door.

"Well, Mr. Henry, I never knew you stay so quiet in one place before, but to be sure you'd never let the young ladies walk home alone. Oh, then, Mr. Markham, dear, is that you? Will you come in and rest yourself, sir? It is the fine sight, to see ye all together there, so it is."

"I must come down soon to pay you a visit,
I have not time now, Mrs. Neilson," said Markham, as the party moved off, and he found
himself walking beside Fanny, while Sir James
and Colonel Tyrrel were a little in front. The
thoughts of both naturally reverted to their
last walk together, but this was no time to

renew the conversation which had then passed between them, and, after a short silence, they talked of the occurrences of the morning, and the improvements Lady Trevelyan had made, since Fanny had left Glenmurragh, till they reached the Castle, and found Mary and Henry already there, having taken a shorter route through the wood.

Mr. Markham declined going into the house, as he had many things to do before dinner, so he took leave of them for the present at the hall-door, but Henry insisted on going as far as the gate with him.

"I only wish, my dear fellow, to say, I hope all goes on prosperously; I think I managed well, taking Mary the other way, and leaving you both together. I told James to secure the old uncle; you evidently do not appreciate my services as they deserve, but you are so timid, you never could get on without me. That walk with the Colonel was not so bad a plan either.

Gain him over, and all will go on smoothly. By-the-bye, what did you do with the filagree bracelet you bought at Malta; I suppose matters are not sufficiently advanced for you to present it yet, but I know it must be intended for Fanny. You chose to buy it in such a mysterious way, only for old Mustapha I never should have known about it; had you done it openly, we might have concluded it was for some aunt or cousin."

"You really are too bad, Henry; I sit on thorns when you are in the room, dreading your saying something you ought not."

"Dreading me! Why, I am discretion itself. Now, I promise you this evening I will not go near you. Mary and I are to have a game of chess together; you and Fanny are to sing duets; and if aunt Caroline gives you peace, you are more fortunate than I expect."

They were now at the gate, so Henry turned homewards, while Mr. Markham proceeded towards the Rectory.

Chapter Elebenth.

THE following day was one of incessant rain, which confined the party at the Castle within Fanny sat in Lady Trevelyan's boudoir the greater part of the morning, while Mary amused herself looking at the various curiosities Sir James and his brother had collected in the East, and helping Miss Hazlett to divide and direct some seeds she was sending to a friend in England. She was already high in favour with that fastidious lady, who indeed liked Fanny too, though she did not choose to acknowledge it, and attributed all the charms she had discovered in the younger sister to the few months. she had enjoyed the benefits of a London school. She was expressing this opinion to Colonel Tyrrel after breakfast, convinced that he would agree with her; but in this she was mistaken.

"I am glad, indeed, my dear madam," he said, "that you are pleased with Mary; she is a sweet, affectionate girl, but what she is, an Irish school has made her. She has had in London a very good music-master, and I certainly think her playing is improved; but in other respects, she is the same as when she first came to me."

The luncheon-bell had just rung, and Lady Trevelyan and Fanny were on their way down stairs, when a note from Mr. Markham was handed to the former. It related principally to a poor man who had met with an accident in the colliery, so we will only look at the post-script:—"I grieve to say there is a report in the village that poor Mr. Barlow is dead. I scarcely think it can be true, though the last accounts of him were very bad. Sparks, the sexton, is my informant." Of course the probability of the event formed the subject of conversation at the luncheon-table.

"Poor man! he will be no great loss," said Miss Hazlett. "I believe he intended well, but between ill-health and indolence he did nothing, and his sermons were prosy in the extreme—so different from what you will hear next Sunday, Colonel Tyrrel, from Mr. Markham. He preaches well—his language is so good, and he looks so earnest and animated. I wish the bishop would give him the living, if it is vacant; but bishops always have their own friends to advance, and yet I really think, Harriet, circumstanced as you are, you ought to have a voice in the matter. Do not you think you could apply for it?"

"I certainly would do a good deal to secure such a man as Mr. Markham permanently here, and yet I scarcely know how I could do it."

"Why, you can but be refused, and it will be easy enough for you to manufacture a letter, representing yourself as the chief person interested in the selection he makes; mention James's extensive property, and your constant residence here."

"Oh, a letter is easily written, but the bishop will naturally say, a woman has no right to interfere in the affairs of his diocese; at least, he will think it."

"Never mind what he thinks; you can say you merely wrote, as James was still a minor."

"Poor Mr. Barlow!" said Lady Trevelyan; perhaps we are giving away his living before he has vacated it."

The conversation then changed, but Lady Trevelyan and Fanny thought of little else for the remainder of the day.

The following morning, the news of Mr. Barlow's death was confirmed. Miss Hazlett was for Lady Trevelyan writing off at once to the bishop, but the latter deemed it more decorous to delay till after the funeral, greatly to her sister's annoyance, who lamented to Colonel Tyrrel, that poor Harriet always took such a time thinking before she acted.

"A fault on the right side, if it can be called a fault, madam," said Colonel Tyrrel, smiling. "Oh! I quite agree with you in the long run; but you know the bishop may not think so long before he gives away the living."

"If he is as good a man as I hear he is, he will not decide hastily, I am sure, on so important a matter."

"I hope not; but still I think there is no time to be lost."

Miss Hazlett then bustled out of the room, finding that she could not gain over the colonel to her opinion.

Three days passed, and Lady Trevelyan had determined on writing the important letter, when the post brought her one of large dimensions, the mitred seal of which left no doubt from whence it came. It was marked "private," but we must, nevertheless, make the contents known to our readers:—

"Dear Madam — The lamented death of the Rev. John Barlow having placed the living of Glenmurragh in my hands, I hasten to communicate with your ladyship on the subject. The parish being on your son's property, and aware of the deep interest you feel in all that concerns the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of the people, I do not hesitate in offering you the nomination, convinced, as I am, that you will make choice of one fitted for the important post. Should you not know of any person whom you may deem suitable, may I take the liberty of asking your ladyship not to mention the subject of this letter. Believe me to remain, with much respect, your faithful servant,—C. C.

Lady Trevelyan was alone in the breakfastroom, when the post-bag was brought in. The
prayer-bell had just rung, and soon after the
party dropped in, one by one. All, as they
entered, remarked Lady Trevelyan's animated
countenance, and said afterwards they were sure
something unusual had occurred. Of course the
good news was told as soon as prayers were concluded, and it is needless to add, gave universal

satisfaction. A verbal message was speedily despatched to Mr. Markham, begging him to come up to the Castle, as soon as he conveniently could—a mandate he lost no time in obeying.

"We must all be present, mother, when you tell him. It will be rare fun to see his face."

All, however, were not present, for Fanny stole out of the room before he could arrive, and did not come down stairs again, till she saw him walking across the lawn, with Sir James, in the direction of the wood. Her first impulse had been to escape before his visit, but as dinner-time approached, she regretted what she had done; she must meet him then, and she could not do so without congratulating him on his promotion. His words were fresh in her recollection—"Would that I had a home to offer you!" That home he now had; she could not, therefore, allude to it without great awkwardness.

Mary was nearly dressed before she commenced her toilet, and she proceeded with it so slowly, that her sister, fearful of being late, as the bell had already rung, went down stairs without her. Fanny almost hoped the party would have gone into the dining-room, and that she would have found them already seated; but this was not to be, and on crossing the hall, the door opened, and Mr. Markham, who was also unusually late, entered.

"I am glad to find I am not the last," he said, as he advanced and held out his hand.

"I believe," replied Fanny, "that I am the last to congratulate you on this morning's good news, but none can do so with more sincerity."

She dared not look up as she said this she felt his eyes were fixed upon her, so hurrying on with glowing cheeks, she entered the drawing-room just as the butler announced dinner.

The evening passed off cheerfully; everybody seemed in good spirits. Miss Hazlett more than once brought the colour into Markham's face, by urging on him the necessity of looking for a wife,

as he had now such a nice home for one; and finally said, they must all go down and pay him a visit, as she wanted so much to see his garden.

Mr. Markham's appointment was speedily known in the village, and great was the rejoicing in consequence.

"Well, well, but she brought luck with her," said Mary Haverty. "Poor Miss Fanny! maybe I'll see her in the Rectory yet. The minute I heard Mr. Barlow was dead, 'Please God, Mr. Markham will get it,' says I, 'and then we'll see the wife he'll get.'"

"You're a very sensible woman," said the sexton, to whom this observation was made; "but, Mary, dear, do you think the colonel would give her to him?"

"And why wouldn't he?—where will he find such another? Oh! it was the poor ould master that liked him well, and a good right he had; wouldn't he be up there before breakfast, to find out how he was, and never left the house at all

the night he was given over. But I mustn't be standing prating here when I have to walk every step of the way to the colliery school, with two bits of books he gave me for the mistress."

And away she hastened down the street, while Jenny Sparks proceeded to the grocer's, to buy an ounce of tea, repeat Mary's suspicion, and talk over the probability of its being true.



Chapter Twelfth.

"Do you know what is the matter, James?" said Henry, about a week after the events related in the last chapter, as he entered the library where his brother was reading. "I went into my mother's room and found Markham there, and they both looked so grave, I retreated in double quick time."

"Is he there still?" said Sir James. "A good hour ago, Avery put his head in here, and said, Mr. Markham wished to see 'my lady,' and I have been alone here ever since."

"Where are the girls?"

"They went up stairs after breakfast, to read with their uncle, as usual, and I think they went since to the garden with aunt Caroline. Just wait till I have finished this chapter, and I will go out with you."

- "Oh! I have just come in. I wish I knew what this long confabulation was about."
- "What can it signify to you?" said his brother, laughing. "I never met such a curious fellow as you are, Harry."
- "Why, now, I confess that it is rather unusual for Markham to come at this hour; and when he does come, it is only for a few minutes to speak of some sick old woman who wants gruel; and then they both looked so solemn! I wonder whether it could be about Fanny Tyrrel?"
- "What an idea to come into your head! You would be an invaluable acquisition to the gossiping old maids at Bath or Harrowgate."
- "You call me a gossip, because I am not such a stupid fellow as you are, going about with my eyes shut."

So saying, he took up a newspaper and sat down near the window. He had not, however, been many minutes there, when a small door at the bottom of a private staircase, leading from his mother's room to the shrubbery, opened, and he saw Colonel Tyrrel and Markham come out, and proceed across the lawn in close conversation.

"I am not far wrong, after all," he exclaimed, starting up; "there goes Markham, and the old uncle with him."

"And they have gone out walking together almost every day this week," said Sir James. "Do not be such a fool, but read your newspaper, and let me read my book."

"I hate the 'Times,' and aunt Caroline always carries off the 'Morning Herald' to her own room. I wish my mother would get down another box of books from Dublin. She said she would, but then forgot all about it."

"Cannot you write about it in her name, and she will be very glad to be saved the trouble; only tell her you have done so."

Writing this letter kept Henry quiet for at least ten minutes, when Mary returned from

the garden, and they went off together to play battledore and shuttlecock in the hall.

We must now for a time leave them thus occupied, and turn our thoughts in another direction.

Fanny, as Sir James said, had gone up to read with her uncle after breakfast; but when Mary accompanied Miss Hazlett to the garden, she set off for Mrs. Neilson's cottage. Her intention of doing so in the forenoon she had casually mentioned the previous evening; and Mr. Markham resolved not to lose that opportunity of pressing his suit. Years of constancy must prove the sincerity of his attachment, and he felt thankful that he had expressed his feelings of devoted affection for her when she was poor and friendless, as no mercenary motives could now be attributed to him. Immediately after breakfast, therefore, he set off in the direction of the forester's house, and was still some distance from it, when Fanny's light figure was seen walking rapidly along the new road of which we before spoke. Markham was hidden from her by a thick plantation, and determined to remain thus concealed till her visit was over, and to join her on her way back to the Castle.

Never had half an hour appeared so long; at length, however, he saw her emerge from the cottage; but, alas! not alone, as the old woman had put her shawl over her head to accompany her, as she said, "a bit of the way." Markham felt thoroughly annoyed; but as they walked on, he did the same, keeping them in view. Poor Mrs. Neilson was, fortunately for him, not much of a pedestrian, so she soon stopped, declaring she was easier tired now than she was thirty years before, a fact which could not be denied.

"Well then, my heart," she said, as Fanny shook hands with her, "you'll only be another fortnight here, and maybe I'll never see you again. I'm an old woman now, dear, and you'll be living in England, away from us all."

"My uncle prefers living there," said Fanny; "but you know, Mrs. Neilson, the same God will still look down on us both, though so far apart; and when He takes us to Himself, washed in the same precious blood, and clothed in a Saviour's righteousness, we shall be together for ever."

"Oh! that will be the glorious day; and how many we'll see then that are gone from us now. Oh! Miss Fanny, but I was glad Mr. Markham got the parish, for he does a power of good; early and late he'll be about, talking to the people, and if you heard him praying, as I did, by Joe Wilson's deathbed, you'd never forget it. But I'm keeping you, darling. God bless you, and you'll come to see me again, before you go; it does me good to hear you—I think it's your dear father that's speaking."

Thus saying, the kind old woman trotted back to her cottage, and Fanny proceeded on her way. Markham waited but a moment to reach an opening in the plantation, and was then quickly by her side.

"I hope," he said, "that I have not startled you. I saw you leaving the forester's, but waited till Mrs. Neilson had gone home, to join you. Miss Tyrrel, may I not now ask for an answer, denied me when we walked here together nearly three long years ago? May I not hope that my fervent prayer for guidance has been answered, and that the blessing of our Heavenly Father will attend your return to your old home, where you are so beloved."

"Mr. Markham," replied Fanny, "when we parted last, I was a poor and friendless orphan, seeking a shelter in the house of a stranger; had I allowed you to know my feelings, you would have felt as hopelessly wretched as I did. We parted then, I believed for ever; but God has graciously willed it otherwise. My answer is easily given; wholly and entirely is your

affection returned; but worse than ungrateful; should I be to say more, without consulting and obtaining the consent of my dear uncle, who is now indeed a parent to me."

"Could I wish, dear Fanny, further to bind you, without his concurrence? A few weeks ago, I could not have dared to hope for it; but this unexpected change in my circumstances gives me courage to ask for it; he might truly look for a more distinguished position for you, than that of a country clergyman's wife. But, oh! he knows not how I will study to make you happy, and how long and fervently I have loved you."

They had now reached the Castle. Fanny hastened to her own room, to give vent to her agitated feelings, while Markham repaired to Lady Trevelyan's boudoir, having sent the butler, as Sir James stated, to tell her ladyship he wished to see her.

We need not dwell on their conversation, nor

the subsequent one between Markham and Col. Tyrrel. Suffice it to say, that both terminated satisfactorily.

Before dinner, the whole household were made aware of the mystery Henry had been so anxious to solve, and hearty were the congratulations with which Markham was greeted, as he entered; the drawing-room.



Chapter Thirteenth.

We take it for granted that our readers have been much interested in the fate of our gentle heroine, and, moreover, that Mr. Markham has had his full share of their sympathy. Judging, however, of them by ourselves, we think they would be considerably wearied were we to keep them from some more agreeable study, by a lengthened account of a very unincidental and sunshiny courtship. We could not, however, close our tale, like the child's story, "If they don't live happy, that you and I may;" so we will just take leave of them for the present, and return to the Rectory at the end of five years.

Great changes have, of course, taken place in the interim, and there is an air of comfort and elegance both in the house and small demesne belonging to it, which marks the presence and superintendence of a lady.

The evening on which we visit it, is a calm and cloudless one, towards the end of July. Markham is sitting alone at his study window, having just dismissed a fine noisy boy, of three years old, who is now running round the garden, pursued by his nurse, all her powers of persuasion being exhausted to prevail on him to return into the house, for his supper.

"Come in, my pet," cried Mary Haverty, from the window of the kitchen, where she was installed as cook, under the superintendence of the vigilant Mrs. Webster—"come in, and I'll put your bread and milk in your own beautiful china mug, that your aunt brought all the way from England for you." This last inducement was successful, and the wild boy was speedily lifted in through the window, by the attached and indulgent old woman.

We said Markham was sitting alone in his

study; a book was before him, but his eyes constantly strayed away from it, and a smile was on his countenance as he looked towards the village, and saw Henry Trevelyan walking quickly across the bridge.

"You're too late, Henry," he called out, as he reached the gate; "Fanny and Mary went out half-an-hour ago."

"Which way did they go?" inquired the young man, evidently disappointed.

"How should I know?" replied Markham, laughing. "Revenge is sweet," he added, "and I think I have you in my power now, though my nature is too forgiving to allow me to torment you as unceasingly as you tormented me in former days. Come, sit down quietly for a few minutes, and I will give you all the information you require. First, tell me how your mother is this evening."

"Oh! she is pretty well, though at times a good deal depressed. She of course misses poor

aunt Caroline greatly still. You may talk, Markham, of a forgiving disposition, but I am sure she had one, when she left me all her money."

"Indeed, she showed it by doing so; still, Henry, you were, I must say, most attentive to her during her long illness, and I am sure it makes you happy now to think you were so. But I will not detain you longer; you will find my wife and Mary, if you walk by the lower road to the oak wood, as they said they would return that way; and you must come back with them to tea. I would go with you, but I was obliged to go to the colliery during the hot part of the day, and am quite tired. The colonel, who was with me, is, I believe, fast asleep in the drawing-room."

Henry passed the greater part of every day at the Rectory. No person there could be ignorant as to his feelings regarding Mary, for he made no effort to conceal them; both his family and her's were satisfied, but as they were so young, there was no attempt made to hurry matters to a crisis. For once, the course of true love ran smooth, and two happier beings never breathed, as day after day saw them together, roaming in the woods, as in the gay hours of their childhood, or Mary, perhaps, working by the side of the stream, while Henry was fishing.

They were thus employed one afternoon, soon after that on which our chapter commenced, when Henry, who had been very grave the whole day, threw down his rod impatiently, declaring that even the trout had conspired to disappoint him.

"Something has indeed annoyed you, Henry, and made you quite cross. What has put you so out of sorts?"

"A letter my mother got this morning, from my uncle, General Hazlett, urging her greatly to go and spend the winter with him, in Devonshire."

"And I think it would do her so much good," replied Mary; "she really requires some change after her long attendance on your poor aunt."

"If she goes, I go too," said Henry; "but I daresay you will care but little for that."

"Oh! Henry, I did not think of that; but it is very, very unkind of you to say I would not care, for you know I would, very much. You must not look so angry, dear Henry," she continued, as the tears came into her eyes, "for, indeed, I do not deserve it."

"But I deserve to be shot for venting my ill-humour upon you," exclaimed the young man, passionately, as he seized her hand, "my own dear, dear little Mary. You know not how I love you, and how miserable I should be without you. Now you are going to be angry," he added, as she turned away her head, and began to gather the bluebells which lay within her reach.

"No, Henry, indeed I am not; but I think we had better not talk any more of what is quite uncertain, and, besides, it will be some time before winter comes—these green trees tell us it is still far from us. I believe we ought to go home

soon, for it is getting late," and she looked at her watch.

"You must not go, Mary," said Henry, gravely, "for I have much to say to you. Months of happiness have we passed together, and I little thought of our ever parting till this morning, when that letter arrived. I awoke as from a dream. You often said you looked on me as a brother, may I not be regarded in a nearer and dearer relationship? You never will find any man more wholly devoted to you; and have I not always attended to everything you said, and corrected every fault you found in me?"

"Dear Henry, I believe we have been very foolish in living, as we have done, so much for each other. You have lived too much at home, and we were so thrown together....."

"And what a wild fellow I was when you came down here first, and gave me such good advice, and made me read and take an interest in things I never thought of before. Oh! Mary,

you must still be my guardian angel, and this night must decide my fate. You can make me perfectly happy, or perfectly miserable."

"I hope I shall make you happy," she replied, softly, as she took his arm, and they proceeded slowly homewards.

Glenmurragh Rectory, August 1st.

"My dear old Friend,—Your long letter should not have remained so long unanswered, but my mind has been so occupied of late that (shall I confess it?) till I this morning found it and my sweet Florence's little note in my desk, I actually forgot I had not long ago thanked you both for them. You will be surprised to hear that Ireland is again to give me a home. My dear Mary is to be married, next month, to our kind friend Lady Trevelyan's second son, and to reside at a

small, pretty place, about four miles from Glenmurragh, belonging to his brother. The marriage in every respect is one that gives me satisfaction. Henry is a finely-disposed young man, sensible and good-tempered; and his aunt, who has died within the last few months, having left her fortune to him, they will have all that is necessary for comfort and independence. You will believe that I feel most thankful to my gracious God for sparing me to see both my dear girls settled happily; but I am too old now again to begin a rambling life, and how could I sit down alone? I have therefore gladly yielded to their wishes, and arranged to spend the short time I may yet be left in this world, between Woodlands and this sweet spot; but though my home will be here, my dear Bolton, most ungrateful should I be, were I to give up the kind friends of bygone days. After Mary's marriage, she and her husband go for a couple of months abroad, and I have persuaded Markham that the best thing he

and Fanny can do, will be, to accompany me to Roseley, as you proposed in the spring, leaving their two boys with Lady Trevelyan, and taking the little girl over with us, as she is in fact too great a treasure to be left behind. I will, of course, write again when our plans are more matured; in the meantime, you must make my peace with Florence, and tell her I will try to make amends for my long silence by writing her a full and true account of Mary's wedding, though I hope we shall meet soon after it. She will, I .am sure, be much pleased with my grandchild, as I call dear Fanny's little Helen. I am glad you have pleasant neighbours in my old home. I shall often look back on my happy days there; it seems very strange that the original proprietor should have arranged to return to it just at the time he did, Mary and I were so disappointed on receiving his letter, and felt so depressed the evening we removed to Roseley, after giving him possession of it; and yet all these apparently

trifling circumstances were ordered by a wise and almighty power guiding us, against our will, and still I trust to lead and watch over us. With kind love to you and yours, my dear Bolton, ever believe me your affectionate friend, — Arthur Tyrrel."



BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY S. B. OLDHAM,

8 SUFFOLK-STREET, DUBLIN.

SOLD BY MESSRS. SEELEY, FLEET-STREET, LONDON,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SECOND EDITION,

With Frontispiece and Vignette Title,

18me, cloth lettered, price One Shilling and Sixpence; gilt side and edges,
Two Shillings,

The Poice of the New Year.

BY SIDNEY O. MOORE.

The profits to be applied to the support of destitute Orphans in the West of Ireland.

Second Edition, small 8vo, cloth lettered,

@nakerism;

OR

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

BY MRS. J. R. GREER.

Who, for Forty Years, was a Member of the Society of Friends.

With Frontispiece and Vignette Title.

Royal 16mo, cloth lettered, price Two Shillings.

The Frish Pearl:

A TALE OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

The profits to be applied towards supplying home occupation for the female peasantry, in a comparatively unfriended district in the South of Ireland.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY S. B. OLDHAM.

Foolscap 8vo, paper covers, 1s.; cloth lettered, 1s. 6d.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVALS OF THE JEWS.

Considered in their Prophetic Character,

IN SIX LECTURES,

BY THE REV. JOSIAH B. LOWE, A.B., EX-S. T. C. D., Minister of St. Jude's, Liverpool; late Rector of Ciontuskart, and Assistant Chaplain to the Magdalen Asylum, Dublin.

Foolscap 8vo, cloth lettered, 1s. 6d.

PRAYER:

ITS DUTIES, DIFFICULTIES, AND ANSWER,

Considered in Three Sermons.

BY THE REV. JOHN N. GRIFFIN, A.B., Minister of Harold's Cross Church, Dublin.

Foolscap 8vo, paper covers, 1s.; cloth lettered, 1s. 6d.

MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRANT, A.M., Incumbent of Stillorgan.

· Square 16mo, with Illustrations, cloth lettered, 1s.

OLD JAMES, THE IRISH PEDLAR,

A TALE OF 1848.

BY M. B. TUCKEY, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT EXEMPLAR."

32mo, price 2d.

PUT ME IN REMEMBRANCE;

OR

THE LORD'S INVITATION TO PLEAD HIS OWN PROMISES.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY S. R. OLDHAM.

18mo, paper cover, 4d.

THE

MANIFESTATION of DEITY in the SHECHINAH.

Considered in its Historical, Symbolical, and Prophetical Sense.

By the Author of "Vital Union with Christ."

18mo, fancy cover, price 6d.

CHILDHOOD: A PORM.

BY

SAMUEL R. WILLS, ESQ., T.C.D.

Third Thousand, 32mo, price 2d.

TRACTARIANISM:

ITS PRESENT STATE, AND THE ONLY SAFRGUARD AGAINST IT.

BY

THE RIGHT REV. JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN, Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin.

Cloth lettered, Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

THE

IRISH SUNDAY SCHOOL MAGAZINE,

FOR 1850 AND 1851.

The Magazine is published on the First of each Month.

Annual Subscription, Two Shillings; by Post, Three Shillings.

18mo, fancy cover, 6d.

THE BIBLICAL CATECHIST:

Or, Two Hundred Questions and Answers on the Old and New Testaments-FOR SUNDAY EVENINGS.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY S. B. OLDHAM.

18mo, cloth, 1s.; fancy cover, 6d.

Edward Beaumont; or the Efficacy of Prayer, A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

Square 16mo, fancy cover, price 6d.

TEXTS VERSIFIED.

18mo, cloth, 1s.; fancy cover, 6d.

LILIE DUNBAR; or, THE IRISH WEDDING.

..,

INTENDED TO SHOW THE DANGERS OF INTERMARRIAGES.

18mo, Frontispiece and Fancy Cover, price 6d.

Ellen Dalton; or, the Sunday School.

18mo, with wood-cuts, price 6d.

Bible Stories for Children, in Rhyme.

18mo, cloth, 1s.; fancy cover, 6d.

Christian Counsels for Young Persons.

Price One Halfpenny, or Four Shillings per hundred.

ROMANISM QUESTIONED:

THE LEADING ERBORS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME QUESTIONED, AND REFUTED OUT OF THE DOUAY VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Price One Halfpenny, or Four Shillings per hundred.

THE PROTESTANT CATECHISM:

THE LEADING ERRORS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME EXPOSED AND REFUTED IN A CATECHETICAL FORM.



•



:

